

**Parliamentary Recruiting
Committee**

Case Number:

76-105-116-104-101

Incident Type: Helpful/Gentle/Banal/Territorial/**Malicious**

Statement taken by **Interface Designer Mocking Jitty**, Parliamentary Recruiting Committee.

In the presence of **Repair Technician Tinted Hermit**, Parliamentary Recruiting Committee.

Statement of **Lucy H**, residing at **Coal Aston**, who was victim to: **Assault**.

What follows is from his/her point of view and the facts as he/she knows them.
Parentheticals to be used for officer comments.

[Confirmed subject was lucid and able to speak] It happened last night, a little after 9, I think. Do we have to do this now, I'm in a lot of pain? [Assured subject interview wouldn't take long] I had been at my boyfriend's. Ex-boyfriend. Ric. Eric S. We're [subject burst into tears. Gave her a tissue and allowed her to compose herself] I don't know. We fought and I stormed out, I-fuck it hurts so much. [Tinted Hermit administered analgesic to allow us to continue] I was walking home. [Questioned subject on distance] Yeah, it was stupid. Really fucking stupid. I was freezing, hadn't even grabbed my coat when I stormed out. But I'd walked home from his before, figured it would be fine. Too stubborn to go back. Too stubborn. Stupid. I was walking through Dronfield town centre when I saw a shadow in that stone arch thing [Confirmed subject meant the Peel Monument] Figured it was a homeless guy or something, so I moved to take a wider path around it. [Asked why] I dunno, because I'm a woman alone at night? [Asked to continue] I moved away from the arch and he leapt out at me and I screamed so loud it hurt. [Asked for description] he was tall, maybe six five [Confirmed subject meant six feet five inches]. He was dressed all in black, his top had these weird brass buttons running down. [Questioned if it was a double row of buttons on either side of front] Yeah exactly, did you find him? [Redirected her to continue description] I couldn't make out his face, he must have had a headband or something with red lights on it. He had a knife in each hand. [Questioned if subject saw he was holding knives] I saw the blades. I-I felt them. Oh God, I still feel them. They felt so cold and then they burned.

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[Subject began screaming. Tinted Hermit administered analgesic. Interview resumed once able] He swung at me and I felt the knife. It-it [prompted subject to skip injury] He kept trying to slash at me so I grabbed at his hands trying to stop him but he was so strong. And he was laughing. A low chuckle. It was terrible and rhythmic, like a heartbeat. Then someone shouted from behind me. I don't know what she said, could barely hear her over that laugh. His laughter stopped and he looked over my shoulder. Then there was a flash of fire between us, blue fire. The sudden heat, it burned but only for a second, then I didn't feel anything. I fell to the floor and he ran away and-.

[Prompted subject to continue] Never mind. [Said anything might help] No, it's nothing. I was delirious. [Said even so, it may help] I saw. I thought I saw him leap over a building. [Interview concluded, subjected taken to **repair bay**].

Signed:



Date: 06-01-05

Recommendations of interviewer: **[REDACTED]** medical treatment. **AGREED**

[REDACTED]. **NLN** – **[REDACTED]**.